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THE MAYOR OF WIGAN, A Tale.

By HILLARY BUTLER, Esq;

(Price ONE SHILLING.)

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A Comedy.

By HILLARY BELLOC, Esq.

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A Tale.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

The INVASION,

A Fable.

By HILLARY BUTLER, Esq;

Α' Σ Κ Ε' Π Τ Ό Σ.

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M,DCC,LX.

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By HELLA BUTLER, Esq;

THE

MAYOR of WIGAN,

A TALE.

THE May'r of Wigan has been long
Renown'd in proſe, tho' not in ſong.
When lads of Lancaſhire regale,
And ſwig the mug of nut-brown ale,
Some blade, for drollery and jeſt,
More celebrated than the reſt,
Whilſt merrily the cup goes round,
Bids laughter friſk about, and mirth abound.

A ſoft good-natur'd friend, if there,
The burden of the ſong may bear;
And if,—poor man!—he cannot crack
His joke,—the fitter then to take.
Bolts are not ſhot to be repell'd,
But faſt to ſtick, in ſafety held.
Hence 'twas an old, but uſeful, faſhion,
In this and many another nation,
For ev'ry venerable manſion
To give a fool, retain'd, a penſion;
The butt he was for any one
To ſhoot a little wit upon:
And happy were thoſe times, you'll ſay,
When fools were only had for pay:
For, now, he is a fool who buys
What almoſt ev'ry houſe ſupplies.
Sometimes, indeed, the Fool might prove
Too ſharp, for thoſe with whom he ſtrove;

In ſuch aſſault, th' adventrous Knight
Got very little glory by't:
But wit, if not dilated, may
Do harm, by paſſing ſome wrong way;
May wound a lover; nay, offend
A wife, or diſoblige a friend.

'Twas then, a good, tho' antient, rule,
For ev'ry Lord to keep his fool:
Nay, men of ſenſe, if fame ſay true,
Above their neighbours would have two,
As you, or D——n, may do.
The fool before a king was bold:
O ſtrange! then truth at Courts was told.

When truth was there no more careſſ'd,
Lyars the place of fools poſſeſſ'd;
Save when, phlegmatically dull,
Some fool, the hireling of a fool,
Enlarges crack of cracked ſkull

For Simile *, and muſty joke,
Which nothing but a ſtool provoke.
And ſure he is the greater fool,
Who laughs not at, but with a fool.
Then come ye jolly mortals, come,
And laugh at Simile and S——me:
But S——me his Loſs of place now ſings,
Since time has chang'd the courſe of things.
What can the pow'r of time abide?
Rather, what has not time deſtroy'd?
For-ever eating Time † will be,
Till he has eat both thee and me.
And we (ſuch is the fate of men)
Become as if we ne'er had been:

---

* The Simile is a piece of printed abuſe againſt the preſent Miniſter.

† Κρονός, or Time, is fabled, by Heſiod, in his Theogonia, to eat up all his children. There is therefore very antient authority for this poetical boldneſs.

Nay,

Nay, I'm in doubt if he will ſpare,
This hardeſt morſel, Wigan Mayor.
Fools were of old in courts retain'd,
To pleaſe the Nobles of the land;
Whilſt they, amus'd, lay mighty ſtill,
Succumbent to a monarch's will.
Thus fools employ'd that wit divert,
Which might have ſhook the monarch's heart;
Then, can there be a ſafer c——n,
Or one protected, like our own:
Who Gallic perfidy can fear?
Cunning has little favour here.
Pretenders, have but poor pretence,
Who lay a claim to common ſenſe.
The man who would with us ſucceed,
Muſt be, or ſeem—a fool indeed.
Let France invade us if ſhe dare:
They're men of ſenſe, we'll never fear,
For fools alone gain footing here.

We, men of ſenſe, kick out of doors,
Like ſons, of ſons, of ſons, of whores.
And, if ſuch dare amongſt us come,
We preſently ſhall ſtarve them home;
And make them wiſh, when 'tis too late,
They had a little bread to eat.
Then, let us fear no French invaſion,
We ſoon ſhall drive them from our nation.
Fortune, propitious deity
Of fools, ſhall our protectreſs be;
In ſuch a guardian bleſt, we'll make
The French do, what I muſt not ſpeak.
Our empire therefore ſhall extend:
The reign of Folly has no end.
If that be ſo, great chance but we
May very ſoon our empire ſee
Extended very far and wide,
Without an end, without a ſide.

Sublimeſt policy of men!
Where Folly's pow'r ſecures the r——n.
Britons! require no proofs,——'tis known,
None can be ſtronger than your own.
Hence, PITT! alone, I fear for thee;
Wiſe men and fools, can ne'er agree.
May then great G——e, extend his ſway,
Thank G—d, 'tis likely that he may;
Of old, if one fool could prevail,
To keep off wit's enormous whale,
Now Fox, Sea-lyon and Brute, agree,
How ſafe the Britiſh c——n muſt be,
Inſtead of one—have we not three?
Hence, tho' no fool be hir'd at court,
'Tis ſaid there is no want of ſport;
No need, G—d knows, to purchaſe,——they
Now come in plenty, void of pay.

And,

And, for the moſt part, 'tis a rule,
For ev'ry peer to bring his fool.
Flatt'rers, pimps, gameſters, quite enow;
Some lord a ſon may have, ſome two.
He's happy ſurely who may be
Thus ſerv'd from his own family.
Others, more happy ſtill, are known
To bring one, tho' they come alone:
For thus themſelves may ſave the booty,
Much better fit to do the duty.——
The knave and devil too, who play
The fool, without much practice, may.
Fools then, it ſeems, are uſeful things
To fidlers, poets, knaves, and k——s,
Pardon my bard——if great the ſhame
To join yours with a m——s name,
At fools the prieſt portends his rod,
And bids adore his wooden god.

Eccleſiaſtically

Eccleſiaſtically dull,
Who minds his ravings but a fool?
Phyſic itſelf would not ſurvive,
Should fools forbear to keep alive:
And ſure they have the greater wit,
Who give life to, than live by it.
Pimps, lap-dogs, whores, all live by fools,
And lawyers wiſh no better tools:
Nay even kings by fools are choſe,
Oft ſenators are rais'd by thoſe;
Such ſenators, as ſometimes ſit
To ſell the land and traverſe PITT.
For want of fools to play upon,
How many wiſe men are undone?
Wit like a random ball is ſtay'd
By cuſhions in its paſſage laid;
If harder things its force oppoſe,
It burſts, deſtroying friends or foes.——

Some common title then may fit,
To introduce the tale of wit;
To blunt the edge of ſpleen ſevere,
And intellectual blood to ſpare:
A name which, by the bye, we think
A moſt poetic one for ink;
Which, tho' it flow thro' gooſes quill,
Beſpeaks what better brains diſtil.
But to our tale——from which, ſo long
We've kept you, with prefat'ry ſong.
As, to ſmall ſcrap of bread and cheeſe,
The Dutchman's homily for grace;
Which takes more time, ſome folks will tell ye,
Than ev'n to fill a Frenchman's belly.

In Lancaſhire, that land of drinking,
Scandal to ſtop and evil thinking,
The Mayor of Wigan is a name
Repeated oft: ſome think the ſame

More uſeful, to lay blunders on,
Than even the bus'neſs of the town;
Except, when an election offers
To ſack the venal members coffers.

The Mayor of Wigan has the glory
And heroſhip of many a ſtory;
Eſpecially, be it a big one,
'Tis then, who but the Mayor of Wigan?
Talk of the judge——*ſo ſaid the Mayor*,
"*My lord, you're great as I am here.*"
Speak of red bacon and white veal;
The Mayor of Wigan makes a tale.
In ſhort, no blunder's mention'd there,
But, ten to one, 'twas Wigan May'r:
So, tho' my tale yields him ſmall glory,
The Mayor of Wigan founds the ſtory.
Believe or ſcorn it as you pleaſe,
'Tis true, as that of Balaam's aſs.

The following of an up-ſtart mode
Oft leads us from a better road;
Perhaps the laughter of a nation
Ridiculouſly in the faſhion:
Converts the matron to a doll,
And proſtitutes the dreſs of Moll;
And can herſelf be made much leſs,
Who only is a thing of dreſs?
My lady Trollop flirts abroad
Prepoſterouſly in a mode
Which might, much better, ſuit ſuch airs
When younger, half an hundred years.
How flaunts the antiquated belle!
Becauſe her grand-child looks ſo well:
And, what muſt raiſe our admiration,
She *halts* along in the ſame faſhion.
Reject ſuch fool'ries and be clean,
Age's beſt mode is to be plain.

Becauſe Cleora dreſſes ſo——
So Lady Bounce will figure too.
The heydon thinks ſhe needs muſt be,
Dreſſ'd as Cleora,——like to ſhe;
Whereas, Cleora would appear,
In ev'ry dreſs, divinely fair:
Her cloaths embelliſh not, but hide,
Charms that might raiſe an angel's pride:
Whilſt, Lady Bounce! your dreſs will be
The cov'ring of deformity.——
Why then by dreſs deform you more?
Your cloaths, like Eve's,—for ſhame, are wore
Ne'er imitate Cleora's dreſs;
The more ſhe charms, as that is leſs.——
Apparel dims her graces;——you,
With pains deck up, for boys a ſhow.
Madam, be plain then,—take advice;
You'll ſeem leſs dolliſh, but more wiſe.

Bleſs

Bleſs us! ſee that fat alderman,
Whoſe golden hat-ſtring girds his crown,
Becauſe it looks ſo well on Jim,
Who wants two hundred weight of him.
A prig may ſtrut in frizzled hair;
'Twould change a booby to a bear.
And what a name o' G—d can ſeem
Prepoſterous in ſuch extreme,
As Milo in Lord Fopling's ſuit,
It makes a monſter of the brute;
And turns him out, a public ſhow,
Two feet too tall to be a beau.
His grandeur riſing with his height,
Sir Bumkin buckrams into ſtate;
Whoſe ſtiffned majeſty grows big
Buckled *in* dignity of wig,
Such ſights, like Hercules when ſpinning,
Would ſet Heraclitus a grinning.

Iberno's ſword, affrights us more
Than Gallic air and phiz before.
See Doctor Jeſſamy, how grave!
In ſcience which his barber gave,
What knowledge—a meer wig may have!
Saul's armour on a ſtripling,
Fits as the ſhepherd's would the king.
Like Falſtaff, in the witch's dreſs,
It ſhocks us more, but pleaſes leſs.

'Twas then a mode, without more ſpeeches,
With Wigan beaux to wear ſmall breeches;
And, Wigan's May'r, you all muſt know,
Was ſure to be a Wigan beau:
For, by his dreſs, the May'r of Wigan,
Inclin'd to ſhow a little breeding.
The faſhion, aſk you whence? Great chance,
As faſhions moſtly are, from France.

French

French faſhions truly ſo much pleaſe us,
We've even imported their diſeaſes.
French tongues, French heels well-bred, won't fail
To Frenchify an Engliſh tail.
'Tis doubtful then that France ſupply'd
The drawers their diſeaſe to hide;
The May'r of Wigan had his pair;
And ſure he might,——'twas *Wigan Mayor.*
Theſe drawers——which, to vary ſpeeches,
We ſhall, ſometimes, call little breeches,
Were dainty-colour'd, light and fine,
For, with Sir Roger he muſt dine;
And, without drawers, what a ſight
Were Wigan's May'r before a knight?
Soon forth he ſtood, completely dreſſ'd;
At home, he did not leave his beſt,
Believe me!——Nay, ev'en his dog Tray,
A clever dog, muſt go to *Hey*,

Sir

Sir Roger's ſeat: ſo forth, the May'r
And Tray proceed,——an happy pair!
But, e'er he went, we ought to tell ye,
with apple-pye he cramm'd his belly,
He felt an uncouth craving, for
He had not eat of half an hour,
It now is proper, by the way,
To ſay a word or two of Tray.
His maſter, truly, had ta'en care
To give this dog a mighty ſhare
Of learning; he would fetch, and bring,
And beg, moſt loyal! for the king.
That dog was wiſe, which equal'd Tray,
As wiſe as dog can need to be:
In ſhort, of Tray, full well 'tis ſaid,
That he was better taught than fed.
The trick which pleas'd his maſter moſt,
Was going back for things not loſt.

So oft, alas! what moſt we love,
Short-ſighted! mortal's miſchiefs prove.
Unfortunately learn'd, poor curr!
Taught to no end,——and wiſe to err.
Come back, to Tray, he often ſaid,——
Sirrah! you make more haſte than ſpeed.

There is a place, call'd Wigan-Lane,
Beſet with trees;——a ſylvan ſcene!
Here cattle friſk, and birds regale,
And Zakel ſells a mug of ale.
The road, meand'ring here and there,
Doth make receſſes ev'ry where.
At theſe, when ſwains journey that way,
They frequently devotions pay;——
And are, beſides, ſo very kind,
They always leave a pledge behind.
'Twas here our May'r, in ſudden motion,
Began to think of his devotion:

The urgent bus'neſs gave him pain,
And, Oh! he felt, delay was vain.
'Tis work which ev'n the fair go thro',
Which none by deputy can do.
Then why, ye lily-finger'd fair,
Why ſhould ye laugh at Wigan's May'r?
In ſhort, a voice came from behind,
In ſudden, furious, blaſt of wind,
It might be like the thund'ring crack
Elijah hear'd behind his back,
When, on the hill, he rear'd his bum,
And found foul weather ſoon would come.
The voice, in thunder-clap, that ſpake,
Commanded, ſtrait, fit place to ſeek,
Where he might do the needful thing,
Done by the punk, pope, cobler, king.
When nature prompts, they all obey,
Alike ſubſervient to her ſway;
And who, a G—d's name, dares ſay nay?

With ſuch a loud and boiſt'rous gale,
He ſhook the thunder of his tail,
Norwegian witch, with all her pow'r,
Could not have urg'd the heav'ns to roar,
A venal and propitious wind,
So right a-poop, or full behind:
I will not ſay, indeed, but it
Might have a ſavour full as ſweet.
Lord Eolus, from poſtern vent,
Could not ſo loud a blaſt have ſent.
Louder than canting preacher's groan,
Or D——'s lye of kindneſs, done.
Loud as delirious poet's ſong,
Or, louder ſtill, a woman's tongue.
Yet, without giving ſuch offence,
Had more of reaſon, and of ſenſe,
——Perhaps too, leſs impertinence.

But,

But, nature pinch'd him with ſuch twitches,
He quite forgot his little breeches;
Until the humid feel made known
The grievous blunder he had done.
Ill-fated! he, had let go trigger,
And made himſelf a piteous figure:
Arrear, he was, tho' not before,
Wounded with Hudibraſtic gore,
And what adown his thighs did trickle,
Left drawers in moſt woeful pickle.
He ſtript;——reſolv'd to leave behind
Polluted badge of erring mind.
Now amply ſatisfied, indeed,——
That man may make more haſte than ſpeed.
Thus, having caſt away much ſavour,
Now of a tolerable flavour,
His ſirloins truſſ'd, he budg'd away;
And, with his maſter, follow'd Tray.

But, as the May'r was pretty big,
And bore an acre of a wig,——
In both, Tom Oſborne's type! you know,
He needs muſt walk a little ſlow.
For, had he quicken'd of his pace,
He would have loſt a deal of greaſe.
'Twas all up-hill——a tedious way;
Oft would he ſtop,——oft turn, oft ſay,
" 'Tis a vile road! then, looking back,
" What charming proſpects! Oh, good lack!
" 'Tis ſcorching hot:—zounds! melting weather.
" Adzookers!——why, I'm all a lather!"
So did he ſay, or ſomething ſo,
And oft he wip'd his fatty brow:
But thinking of his dinner—then,
Reviv'd, he buſtled on again.
At length to verge of hall he comes,
And Tray begins to hunt for crumbs.

Strait

Stait Maſter Abner opes the gate
To let come in the man of ſtate.
Important queſtions they purſue,
As, how does, Sar, your Worſhip do?
Your ſervant Abner! how do you?
Tray, meantime, wagg'd his tail, and ſtrait,
With maſter, paſt inviting gate.
Th'unthinking dog, alas! ruſh'd thro',
As any other dog might do.——
Poor fool! he thought it right, that he,
As welcome as his lord, ſhould be.
The love the maſter ſhares is known
By that which to his dog is ſhown.
For why then honeſt Tray ſuſpect?
Why one admit and one reject?
But filthy dogs,—if large, you know,
Fright dames.—At leaſt they tell us ſo.

Small they admire; ſuch never tell,
And bear a peccadile as well.
Out! out! quoth Abner, O! this cur,
We muſt not let him in, good Sur!
The May'r call'd loud, "go back dog! go,"—
And help'd his rhet'ric with a blow;
And added curſe: "inſtant, away!"
He roar'd;—and, inſtant, gone was Tray.
Swift, and obedient to his lord,
Poor Tray goes back, without one word.
But, as 'twill, by and by, appear,
He parted with a flea in's ear.
His maſter, parlour door ſoon reaches,
Nor ſeems to think of little breeches;
For, as ſome time ago was ſaid,
The ſavour pretty well was laid,
He ſcrap'd a leg or two, and bow'd
Right Wiganly, in rural mode.

How many ſpeeches Mr. May'r
Let out, now fixt in elbow-chair,
Needs not be told——how often ſaid he,
" 'Dzookers! is dinner almoſt ready?
For ſquire, nor even prieſt, was able
To cut him out, at work of table.
His ſoul and belly both intent are,
Longing to ſmell the victuals enter.
Telling, to paſs the time away,
The mighty deeds of mighty Tray.
" My worſhip's dog, Sir Hodge, I'll ſwear it,
" Without affection to his merit,
" Becauſe the beaſt is mine, and he
" Doth all his knowledge draw from me,
" Nor ſtanding to diſplay each feature,
" Is, pleaſe your honour, a fine creature.
" He will go back, a mile or two,
" To fetch whatever was perdue.

" But, let me tell your Knightſhip, that,
" Unbid, he would not hurt a cat.
" Yet, at my word, I do declare,
" He'd ſeize upon the fanged bear.
" Ev'n like my own his ſenſe refin'd,
" is quite above the beſtial kind."
Reply'd Sir Roger, " Mr. May'r,
" I wiſh this prodigy was here,
" That we might ſee the crafty rogue,
" This wondrous ſample of a dog."

Nay, quoth the May'r,——" that cannot be,
" Juſt now I ordered him away——
" Go back, I ſaid,——and gone is he."

Meantime the dinner bleſt his eye,
And now there's other fiſh to fry;——
So, honeſt Tray! a while good b'ye.

Gay ladies, a fair ſcene! attend,
In charms beyond what dreſs could lend,

Plac'd

Plac'd round the table; theſe appear
A ring, its carbuncle, the Mayor.
With napkin fitted under chin,
And all in order to begin,
In ev'ry ſenſe of taſte exceeding,
Enrapt in thoughts of goodly feeding,
His deſp'rate knife is brandiſh'd bright,
The prelude of approaching fight.
With ſmacks his luſcious lips did play,
And now about him does he lay.
In furious guſt, and hunger haſty,
Now, now, beware, O ven'ſon paſty!
His chin, with gloſſy fatneſs ſmear'd,
Aſſum'd the type of David's beard,
With oil anointed, the bright face
Of Iſra'ls king ſhew'd not more greaſe.
"Hunger, avaunt," he ſaid, "I thee
"Will conquer, leſt thou conquer'ſt me."

" And now, to complement the knight,
" Well, Sir, this is a royal ſight.
" I do ſincerely think, Sir Roger,
" You live as happy as a badger.
" Nor kings or may'rs enjoy more plenty;
" You wallow here in ev'ry dainty,
" The fat of all the land is ſent ye.
" No pig ſo bleſt:—(and one would think
" The pig enjoys his meat and drink.)
" O, great Sir Roger! you're quite happy,
" Your meat is rich, your beer is nappy.
" O, bleſſed Wigan! didſt but thou
" The vaſtneſs of thy bleſſings know!
" The earthly paradiſe is here,
" If paradiſe be any where.
" We Wiganers, above the reſt
" Of men, with choiceſt food are bleſt.

" See

" See you how thick, black, ſtrong, our ale;
" We're notable for blood-red veal.
" But, better ſtill! ſo white our bacon:
" And O! ſo ſound and ſtout our capon.
" Our mutton's tender as a chicken;
" Good mutton's very pretty picking.
" I ſay, there are not happier people:
" Why, Sir, this hall is like a ſteeple:
" And I, reſembling Jeſus, ſtand,
" To view the glory of the land.
" But, as I ſaid before, you're happy
" In ſturdy beer—vig'rous and nappy.
" Your health Sir Roger,——and my own;
" And here's to you, my Lady Joan:
" But, leſt you think we know not manners,
" Your healths who wait upon our honours.
" 'Tis very right, and but your due,
" That we ſhould ſtill remember you.

" Another

" Another luſty bumper bring:
" Our Worſhips next ſhould drink the king.
" And now, I've drank the king's good health,
" With all proſperity and wealth,
" Since neither I, nor he, can think
" To live alone by pow'r of drink,
" I'll eat his royal health: ſo, John!
" Here, heap half of that pudding on.
" I'm a great fancier of ſuch ſtuff,
" When made with fat and plumbs enough:
" But, nothing in this world, ſay I,
" comes up to flummery and pye.
" A walk's a pretty thing—quite right
" To get a man an appetite.
" Heap up my plate, Madam, and, when
" Unloaded, I ſhall ſend again.
" A warrant you, Mrs. Beatrice, we,
" Juſt as at home, ſhall make quite free.

Faith

" Faith, I can pick a bit to-day,
" 'Tis a good ſign, your doctors ſay.
" Or right, or wrong, be that as 'twill,
" When I am tempted, I muſt fill;
" Till, crammed like a tick, my buff
" Threatens to burſt, if more I ſtuff.
" A mercy that it proves ſo tough.

Thus, Mr. May'r, in full employ,
Did lay about him manfully,
Both tongue and teeth in buſy chatter,
Diſtributing ſuch ſort of matter:
For, he believ'd 'twould help his meat
To mingle ſocial converſe ſweet:
Thoughtleſs, that whilſt a word flew out,
His mill would have gone once about.
For, 'tis a ſaw of ſhrewdeſt kind,
That ev'ry word prevents a grind.

An hint of mighty uſe, I think,
To ſuch as live to eat and drink.
Here let us leave him, for a minute,
The happieſt man our iſle has in it:
For Tray,—(you muſt remember Tray)
Was buſtling forward on his way,
Buſy enough.——It has been ſaid,
To fetch and carry was his trade:
And, when his maſter from the door
Commanded back, as told before:
The dog, poor fellow, what could he
Expect, a ſimple dog to be.
He did, tho' ſenſible enough,
Miſtake his churliſh lord's rebuff,
Not underſtanding right his meaning,
He ran for things that wanted cleaning:
For Tray was of a ſaving mind,
Unwilling to leave aught behind.

No marvel then, if, whilſt his lord
Did pay away pell mell at board;
His plate, a ſeventh time, unloading,
Of half a mountain of a pudding:
In daintieſt juncture of his bliſs,
Tray, in a rapture of ſucceſs,
Leaping on the table, threw
Ill-fated drawers! all to view!
Their odour great, and gold their hue.
He wagg'd his tail,—and friſk'd with ſpirit;
Now had he ſignaliz'd his merit.
O! what a dirty ſight was there!
How did each face diſtort appear?
But, moſt, the dames it diſcompoſes;
Some ladies laught, ſome held their noſes;
Some call'd for lavendar, ſome roſes.
And ſome, in ſharp rebukes to Tray,
Cry, ſirrah! naughty curr——away!

(And, what a tender ear can wrong,
Like cenſure from a lady's tongue?)
Others, indeed, no greater winners,
Compil'd, ejaculate their dinners:
And now, one moment undoes more,
Than a full hour had done before.
So Homer ſings, the work of men
Is very ſoon undone again:
And one would think, this ſcene to view,
That Homer, here, at leaſt, told true.
In ſhort, the table was thrown o'er,
Poor Tray again turn'd out of door;
And little breeches, with much laughter,
Diſpatch'd immediately after:
Whilſt Mr. Mayor, above the reſt,
Had vaſt encomiums for the jeſt.
'Twas pity it fell out thus haſty,
And border'd ſo near upon naſty.

The knight was alſo much diverted,
Although his table-cloth was dirtied.
May'r fretted, fuam'd, and loudly-worded,
To ſee what paſtime he afforded:
Whilſt the good lady, with her cup,
Contriv'd to keep his ſpirits up.

From this my tale, O, Wigan May'r!
Henceforth of three ſmall ſlips beware:
The firſt, avoid much apple-pye;
'Tis very ap'ning——apt to fly——
Or if, when you go out to dine,
Your dog muſt needs the party join,
Abuſe not the poor brute, or ſend
Away your partner and your friend;
Revil'd and ſmit, with belly empty,
Perhaps of intellect more dainty;
Whilſt you carouſe and gorge in plenty.

But

But O, good Mr. Mayor——(it is
A friend advises, take advice,)
Leave forms of dress to fools and vain;
The best of modes is to be clean.
And wisdom does not scorn the plain.

ON THE

FREQUENT RUMOURS

OF

AN INVASION,

A FABLE.

"HELP! neighbours, help! for God's
sake run!
"The wolf! Oh, help! or I'm undone;
Was, ev'ry day, the wanton cry
Of a mischievous shepherd boy;
When all the country was alarm'd;
All left their work and ran and arm'd,

With

With forks, flails, mattocks, clubs and ſtones,
To drive the beaſt, or break his bones.
'Twas pretty paſtime for the boy
To raiſe ſuch uproar, and enjoy.
Then, with his jokes, th'unlucky whelp
Abus'd them for their needleſs help,
All ſpent with running, to the men
He ſhouts, " wiſe folks! go home agen.
" What o'plague, one cannot ſhout,
" But, up in arms! the mob is out.
" About your bus'neſs! I'll be ſworn
" There's not one ſcare-crow guards the corn.
" Bleſs us! I never thought there were
" So many crazy ſouſcrowns here."
The men, provok'd, in great deſpight,
Anſwer'd the rogue, as well they might;
" Thou ſaucy cub!——is this the way
" That you befool us day by day?

" The wolf may come and take thy ſheep all."
So, to their work return'd the people.

Scarce was the uproar well appeas'd,
Which this miſchievous boy had rais'd,
But lo! the wolf, gaunt, grim and bold,
Grins deſolation on the Fold.
The real wolf is come at laſt;
Loud cries the lad, " help, neighbours! haſte
" O come! for G—d's ſake come! I ſwear,
" Indeed, the wolf is really here.
" In troth he is,——O! haſte and run;
" Help! or I'm ruin'd and undone."

But he might brawl till day of doom,
For not one ſoul of them would come.
They judg'd the boy, as he had done,
Was playing off his uſual fun:

Therefore,

Therefore, his cries for help were vain;
For shepherd's fault the flocks are slain,
And carnage stretch'd along the plain.

" Calling for help, when we've no need,
" Prevents it when we want indeed."

FINIS.